

LAMENTABLE TRAGEDY.

An Illinois Farmer Shot and Killed by His Son-in-Law, Whom He Was Assaulting With a Pitchfork—The Tragedy the Outcome of a Family Difficulty.

PENNSYLVANIA, Ill., July 14.—A lamentable tragedy occurred yesterday morning near Tamaroa, ten miles east of here, in the killing of John W. Corgan, an old and prominent citizen of the county, by his son-in-law, Harry Miller. Miller has been living on a farm three miles east of Tamaroa, which he rented from Corgan. About three months since they had a difficulty, which was compromised in the courts here by Corgan giving a peace bond, and allowing Miller to remain upon the farm until the expiration of his lease, October 1. Since that time the parties have not been friendly, and Miller moved out the place last Monday. On Tuesday he went back to get his share of an oat crop that had been grown on the farm, taking four wagons, with necessary hands. Below is given a synopsis of the evidence of W. S. Jones, an eye-witness, before the coroner's jury at Tamaroa yesterday morning:

"My name is W. S. Jones; age, thirty-six years; live three miles east of Tamaroa. Miller came to my house this morning, and asked me to go and help him haul his share of the oat crop off Corgan's farm. I went with him, and took with me four wagons and four men. There were four wagons with two men to each wagon. When we arrived at the field two of the party got out and let the fence down, and Miller started to drive in. I had told him that he had better let Corgan know that he had come to divide the oats. Just then he looked up and said: 'Yonder they come, now—all of them, with pitchforks and knives.' By the time Corgan had got within about one hundred yards of Miller, and said: 'Get out of here, you thief. You come here to steal grain. You get out, or I will kill you.' Miller said, as yet, said nothing to Corgan, who had arrived at the wagon by this time. Miller said: 'I am now ready to divide those oats.' Corgan said: 'I am not ready to divide them, and I will not divide them.' At this time he was near the horses' heads, and came around to the side of the wagon and made at Miller with the fork, trying to hit him in the wagon, which he finally did.

About this time John Corgan, Jr., aged about eighteen years, came up, and made at Miller with a fork. Corgan, Sr., was still in the wagon, and striking at Miller with a pitchfork, and Miller was warding off the blows with one hand and holding his team with the other, and finally Corgan, Jr., came up and struck the team and drove out of the field and to town, accompanied by his brother, Wm. Miller. The shooting occurred on the farm known as the Pyle place, three miles east of Tamaroa.

THE STORY CORROBORATED.

The above evidence was corroborated in all the main particulars by the witnesses. The pistol used was a small 32-caliber, rusty concern, that did not look like it would make more than a noise. The ball entered the chest between the first and second ribs of the right side, four inches from the center of the sternum, five inches above the right nipple and two inches below the collar bone, passed in an oblique direction to the right side, cutting either the main artery or going through the heart.

Dr. Ward probed the wound, but could not find the ball. The hemorrhage was internal, escaping through the mouth. Corgan lived in Tamaroa, and with his two sons, John, Jr., and Frank, was out on the farm harvesting hay. He was a large, fleshy man, and a man who was very positive in all his opinions, a very strong friend, but had no use for his enemies. He had been a resident of this county for many years, and was well known and respected.

After the shooting Miller came to Tamaroa and gave himself up to Squire Willoughby, who turned him over to Constable Crain, and he was brought here and placed in jail. He is a man of ordinary appearance and intelligence, comes of a highly respected family, aged twenty-four years, and has been married to Mr. Corgan's daughter for three years. He appears to feel very badly about the matter and regrets it very much. He says that it was a matter of the head and heart with him. Coroner Farmer selected a jury yesterday afternoon, and proceeded to investigate the matter. There were eleven witnesses to the tragedy, two of whom were brothers of Miller, and the others of the deceased. At the time of his death Mr. Corgan was engaged in merchandizing in Tamaroa.

A SINGULAR CASE.

The Symptoms of Violent Hydrophobia Resulting From the Bite of a Water Moccasin Snake—The Patient Recovering.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., July 13.—Mr. Wm. Reed, while bathing in Flat creek, near Shelbyville, Tenn., a few weeks ago, began to feel around under rocks for fish. He caught what he thought was a fish, but upon bringing it to the surface of the water found it to be a large water moccasin. The snake bit Mr. Reed on the thumb, but, as it was killed, nothing was thought of it until a few days ago, when Mr. Reed's thumb and hand began to swell, throbbing and into a violent fever. He became delirious and wanted to bite every one who came near his bed. It required the combined strength of several men to confine him to his bed. Several medical men were called in, and all their efforts seemed futile, as the symptoms were all similar to those in cases of hydrophobia. The constant attendance and all of his physicians, however, pulled him through, and he is now getting well.

Mr. Blaine and the Presidency.

BOSTON, July 13.—A Washington special to the Herald says that Congressman Miliken, of Maine, does not believe Mr. Blaine will return to Washington to live unless he shall come as President. Mr. Blaine, he says, will make no effort to secure a re-nomination. That will be tendered unanimously. He is the only man with whom the Republicans can succeed. "As for the Senatorship, I have the assurance from Mr. Blaine's own lips that the people of Maine could not force it upon him. Until the next campaign he will devote his leisure to literary work, which is an agreeable occupation and pays quite handsomely."

A Town Captured by Temperance.

LEXINGTON, Mo., July 13.—An average of fifty signers per day to the temperance pledge has been secured by Captain Daniel Shields, who is lecturing in the little town of Lexington. The population there is about four hundred, and as the captain has already over two hundred and fifty, he will likely capture the entire town by Thursday. When his meetings close he will stop here for a couple of days on his way to Tipton to attend the State lodge to arrange for a course of lectures for this city, if there be any desire for him to deliver them.

MORE VICTIMS.

Suspension of the Provident Savings Bank of St. Louis, Caused by a Heavy Embroilment of the Cashier—The Bank in the Hands of a Receiver.

ST. LOUIS, July 14.—Great excitement prevailed on "Change and in other commercial circles when it was announced to-day that the Provident Savings Bank had closed its doors, and the excitement became intense when it became known that the cashier, A. B. Thompson, had left for parts unknown. The wilder kind of rumors prevailed, and it was at one time stated that the shortage would amount to over \$100,000, but this was afterwards contradicted, and it was stated by a broker who is acquainted with the business of the bank that the amount could hardly be more than half that amount. Very few business houses had accounts with the bank, and the majority of the persons hurt by the small depositors, who can not afford to lose even the small sums they had on deposit. It was at first stated that a large manufacturing establishment that had an account with the bank was the cause of the failure, but this was also corrected, and the head of the concern referred to, said that he had no collateral at all with the bank. The stock of the concern has stood well on the market, and the failure comes like a thunderbolt. All they will want will be paid to the brokers on the street as the smallest depositors.

Many of the school teachers now on a vacation will lose all they have in the bank. It was at first stated that a large manufacturing establishment that had an account with the bank was the cause of the failure, but this was also corrected, and the head of the concern referred to, said that he had no collateral at all with the bank. The stock of the concern has stood well on the market, and the failure comes like a thunderbolt. All they will want will be paid to the brokers on the street as the smallest depositors.

On the application of Carlos S. Greeley, the largest stockholder of the Provident Savings Bank, filed in the Circuit Court of St. Louis, an order for the appointment of a receiver of the bank, and the order was granted.

The bank was organized January 21, 1884, with a capital stock of \$200,000, and has since done quite an extensive business among the non-commercial classes. The defendants in the suit are James S. Garland, Almon B. Thompson, Thomas H. Swain, Wm. P. Mullen, Geo. Scott, Carlos S. Greeley and Charles B. Smith.

The officers of the bank are at present: James S. Garland, president; A. B. Thompson, cashier; and Wm. P. Mullen, vice-president. The affidavit filed in the application alleges that by the charter the directors were fixed at nine, but in fact there were only seven, and that the directors were a larger number of shares than any other stockholder; that the other stockholders are widely scattered; that in February, 1885, J. S. Garland, president, became ill and was forced to abandon the bank's management, and for six months was absent from the city; that by reason of his absence and failure to attend to the business, Charles B. Smith assumed the duties of the bank in his stead; that on July 12, Thompson did not appear at the bank, and has not appeared since, and he does not believe he intended to appear, neither is his whereabouts known.

A partial investigation it is alleged discloses the fact that A. B. Thompson has been in the city for some time, and has been seen by several persons, and that investigation will disclose a still larger amount embezzled.

Current deposits as shown by the books at the time of the failure, \$18,226.29; time deposits, \$126,619.17; cashier's checks heretofore issued and not yet paid, \$19,244.96; unpaid dividends, \$1,302; other indebtedness, \$50,000.

MAXWELL SENTENCED.

The Murderer of C. A. Preller in the Southern Hotel, St. Louis, Sentenced to the Gallows—A Stay of Execution Granted Pending the Decision of the Supreme Court on an Appeal.

ST. LOUIS, July 14.—Hugh M. Brooks, alias W. H. Lemmon-Maxwell, convicted of murdering Charles A. Preller, was sentenced this morning to be hanged August 27, 1886.

THE SENTENCE.

"Hugh Mottram Brooks," said Judge Van Wagner, "the motion for your new trial, and also your motion in arrest of judgment, have been overruled, and the sentence remains for the Court to sentence you."

His Honor paused after making these remarks, and the defendant said nothing, but merely bowed his head. He was then more rigidly Judge Van Wagner then proceeded to pronounce sentence on him as follows:

"Hugh Mottram Brooks, alias W. H. Maxwell, alias Walter H. Lemmon-Maxwell, alias Theodore Cecil d'Anquillet: For your offense of murder in the first degree, as charged in the indictment, and for the same offense, the verdict heretofore rendered against you, it is considered and adjudged by the Court that you be taken from this place to the place whence you came, there to remain in the custody of the sheriff until Friday, the 27th day of August, A. D. 1886, on which you will be taken to the usual place of execution in the city of St. Louis, and on said Friday, the 27th day of August, A. D. 1886, between the hours of six and eleven o'clock in the forenoon, of said day, you be hanged by the neck until you be dead; and may God have mercy on your soul."

A stay of execution was afterwards granted until October 2, 1886, and an appeal was taken from the Court's decision. The grounds on which the State Supreme Court will be asked to reverse the decision of the lower court in the case are the same as were urged by the defense for an application for a new trial before the Criminal Court. One of the main points, that in regard to exhuming a body without the consent of the next of kin, was passed upon by the State Supreme Court, who held that one side could take such action without notifying the other side, so that one of the points at least, on which a reversal was hoped for, has been knocked out.

To Be Killed by Indirection.

WASHINGTON, July 13.—Senator Beck is not at all pleased with the substitute for his railroad attorney bill, reported by the judiciary committee. "There is not one member of the committee," he said, "who believes in that substitute or would vote for it. Instead of killing my bill I have been forced to kill it by indirection. That amendment is one which neither Mr. Edmunds nor Mr. Evans will vote for, and their own speeches show it." When asked if he thought the bill would come up for discussion before adjournment, Mr. Beck said: "Yes, I shall have it up before long."

Powderly for Governor of Pennsylvania.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., July 14.—John E. Barrett, Powderly's bosom friend, prints an editorial in his paper, the *Seranton Truth*, which indorses Powderly's candidacy for Governor, and says his nomination is not unlikely. This is looked upon as official. Powderly's health is failing, owing to overwork, and it is believed he would readily resign the general master workmanship of the Knights of Labor if he thought the Democrats would give him united support for Governor. At any rate his friends here say he is a candidate, and they will make a fight for him.

SUMMER BOARDERS.

A Rustic Host's Experience With an Eight-Dollar-a-Week Guest.

"Get up in the," he said as he brought the oxen to a halt and moved along on the seat. "Come fur? Goin' to the village? Whoal there, Buck, what ye 'fraild of? That 'ere of ox feels as frisky as a calf and it needs old Bright to balance him. Ain't a patent-rubber man, are ye? Thought not. Mobbe, ye are lookin' fur summer boarder?"

He rattled along in an honest, confidential way for a few minutes longer, and then suddenly changed the subject by saying:

"Stranger, I've had experience with summer boarders, and I wouldn't take one into the house to-day for forty dollars a week. I moved up here about ten years ago. I'd just got married to a thunderin' smart widdler, and we got settled in our home airy in the spring. One day when I come in from work Lucinda says to me:

"Samuel—that's my name, you know—'I've got the brightest idea you ever heard of. Let's take a few summer boarders this year.'"

"Flies and lasses, but who be they?" says I.

"I don't know yet. We'll fix up our two spare rooms and advertise in the city papers to accommodate a few summer boarders. We can make enough money in three months to buy that ten-dollar gold piece."

"But we hain't got nuthin' to feed 'em on."

"Indeed, we have. Them city folks who stuff their stomachs on the rich man's table will come to us for change. All they'll want will be fried eggs, oat-milk, rhubarb pie and old-fashioned sweet cake. They'll go into our old table cloth, cracked dishes and plain furniture. They'll swallow every thing down as rice and old-fashioned, and we'll charge 'em six dollars a week apiece."

"I hung off fur awhile, but Lucinda is a great prevailar, and she finally prevailed on me to give my consent. When I got a spare hour I helped her to get the furniture. I had to nail up bedsteads, put extra legs to the bureau, stop up rat-holes, stain over the bureau with walnut juice, and do various other things ready. I give Lucinda two purty good housewifery to make rustic rugs for the floors, and we cut up some old sheets for window curtains, and by the use of thirty cents worth of red, white and blue shelf paper we made them look like new."

"Well, the last thing to be made was a rustic rug for the parlor. I had a humped myself on it. It was Lucinda's idea you know. She said the city folks had got so tired of sittin' around on the stuffed chairs that they'd sink into a rustic chair with a grunt of satisfaction."

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PROGRESS OF MEDICINE.

What the Most Progressive of Sciences Has Accomplished in Fifty Years.

There is still, no doubt, a vast amount of suffering and disease among us, but it would be folly to deny that the difference between the past and the present is immense. The stethoscope has made it as easy to detect a damaged heart or an inefficient lung as a broken leg. The laryngoscope enables us to explore the innermost recesses of the eye, while with the laryngoscope we can have ocular proof of the condition of the windpipe. The microscope enlightens us to the true nature of growths, and such timely information often makes it possible to check their development. Anesthetics have robbed surgery of all its cruelty and half its danger; they have, moreover, extended its sphere of action, for operations which formerly could not be performed are now frequently performed with ease and comfort. The discovery of the antiseptic method has largely increased the proportion of recoveries after severe wounds and mutilations, and has also done much to insure the safety of the hygienic climate. The necessity of cutting for stone is now obviated by measures which involve neither pain nor serious risk, and there can be little doubt that the operation will in the course of the next fifty years become obsolete in civilized countries. Small-pox is no longer the standing menace to beauty that it once was, while it is scarcely taken into account as a possible danger of life by ordinary people. Typhoid fever still claims many victims, though it is being gradually driven off the field by an enlightened hygiene; typhus is almost unknown except in the lowest and most squalid haunts of poverty. Madness is now treated as a bodily disease, not as a

PITH AND POINT.

—You can whip any thing out of a child but badness, or whip anything into it but goodness. —Lynn Union.

—The rambling old farm-house is not confined to the East since the West began to enjoy a monopoly of cyclones. —N. Y. Independent.

—Picture dealer—Please take care, sir, your coat-tails don't—ah—by chance—sweep against my "Old Masters." Amateur—"Oh—less my soul! What, ain't they dry yet?"—Punch.

—"Pa, who was Horace Greeley?" "He was an editor, Bertie." "Pa, did he use to write the base-ball reports?" "No, Bertie, I believe not." "Humph! He couldn't have been much of an editor, then." —Tit-Bits.

—A lady was once lamenting the ill luck which attended her affairs, when a friend, wishing to console her, bade her "look upon the bright side." "Oh, the bright side? There seems to be no bright side." "Then polish up the dark one." Was the quick reply.—Brooklyn Union.

—Nervous old lady (on seventh floor of hotel): "Do you know what precautions the proprietor of the hotel has taken against fire?" Porter—"Yes, marm; he has the place insured for twice what it's worth." —N. Y. Times.

—Grandpa—Tell me, Ethel, why do you have six buttons on your gloves? Ethel—Yes, grandpa, dear. I will tell you. The reason is, if I had seven buttons or five they would not match the six buttoned gloves. —Y. Sun.

—It is said that there are 10,000 families in Chicago without a copy of the Bible. The number without a copy of a paper containing the latest base-ball news is much less, so the suffering is not as great as might be supposed. —Norristown Herald.

—A Philadelphia firm advertises a soap that will wipe out the National debt. This age is one of miraculous achievement. Pretty soon, some one will be advertising a soap that will wash out the sins of a non-paying subscriber's conscience. —Lynn Union.

—Deacon Skoller—Good mornin', parson: I've been 'pinted a committee for to find out when t'would be 'venient for de brethren en sisters ter gib you a 'sprise party. Parson Holdback—"Bont good mornin', brother Skoller, 'bout forty yeas, chile. It will ter 'bout dat time for me ter revamp from de las' one." —Judge.

—If the Canadians won't permit our fishermen to bait their traps, why don't the latter dig enough worms for bait starting out on a fishing expedition? We know how difficult it is to find a worm when it is wanted for fish-bait, but if our American fishermen will circulate among men who are digging gardens they will find enough to bait their traps all summer. —Norristown Herald.

—"Mary," said he, gazing into his bright eyes, "can you tell me why you are like the weather?" "I give it up," said Mary, quite promptly. "Because," said Charley, "you are so changeable, you know." "But can you tell me Charley, why you are not like the weather?" Charley having failed to guess, she added: "Because the paper here says the weather is going to clear off." Charley looked around, and was searching for his hat. —Brooklyn Eagle.

WORTH KNOWING.

How to Cure Many of the Minor Ills That Flesh Is Heir to.

For burns, Dr. Mosley declares that balsam of copaiba is an application much preferable to bicarbonate of soda or other remedies which have been advocated.

To apply a mustard plaster so as not to blister the skin, mix the mustard with the white of an egg instead of water. The plaster will draw thoroughly without blistering the most delicate skin.

For a cough, boil together a half cup of molasses and butter the size of a hickory nut; squeeze into this the juice of one lemon. This is a simple and efficient remedy for an ordinary cough.

A standing antidote for poison by poison oak, or any other kind of a painful of quick lime, dissolve in water, let it stand half an hour, then paint the poisoned parts with it. Three or four applications, it is said, will cure the most obstinate cases.

Toothache, caused by a cold in the facial nerves, may often be relieved by wringing a soft towel out of cold water, and sprinkling it with strong vinegar. This should be laid on the face like a compress, and it will often be followed by a refreshing sleep.

Following is an excellent wash for the teeth: Dissolve two ounces of borax in three ounces of boiling water, and before it is cold add one tablespoonful of spirits of camphor and bottle for use. A tablespoonful of this mixture with an equal quantity of water, and applied daily with a soft brush, will preserve the teeth, extirpate all tartarous adhesion, arrest decay, and make the teeth pure, white and healthy.

One who has tried it communicates the following about curing sore throats: One ounce of camphorated oil and five cents' worth of potash. When any soreness appears in the throat put the mixture in a glass, and gargle with it, and with it gargle the throat thoroughly; then rub the throat thoroughly with the camphorated oil at night before going to bed, and also pin around the throat a strip of woolen flannel. This remedy is said to be a sure remedy. —Electric Medical Journal.

THE BAOBAB TREE.

Its Branches Forming a Miniature Forest to a Distance of a Hundred Feet.

We read wonderful stories of the immense trees one sees in California, but they sink into insignificance beside the Baobab tree, which is found in many parts of Western Africa. It is not distinguished for its extraordinary height, which rarely reaches over one hundred feet, but for the enormous girth of its trunk, which is said to be over one hundred feet in circumference, rising like a dwarf tower from twenty to thirty feet, and then throwing out branches like a miniature forest to a distance of one hundred feet. The extraordinary girth of the trunk is said to be caused by the tree's bending towards the ground.

The botanical name of this curious tree is *Adansonia digitata*. The first, in honor of its discoverer, Adanson, and the second, descriptive of its five-parted leaf. The leaves are large, abundant and of a dark green color, divided into five lanceolate leaflets. The flowers are large and white, hanging by peduncles of a yard in length, which form a striking contrast to the leaves. The fruit is a soft, pulpy, dry substance about the size of a citron, enclosed in a long green rind; the pulp between the seeds tastes like cream of tartar, and this pulp, as well as the seeds, are used by the natives for food. The juice is greatly relished as a beverage, and is considered a remedy in putrid fevers and other diseases.

The Baobab tree is said to attain a much greater age than any other tree of the last era, as it went past the platform, and swung himself on. The astonished ticket-seller looked through his window and said: "Colonel, who was that fellow and what was the matter of him?" "Blanked if I know, Major. Are you acquainted with him, General?" turning to another man.

"Never saw the dashed fool before. How is it with you, Judge?" he added, addressing a man by the door.

"Yes, gentlemen, I know him, and I don't blame him for wanting to go. He is the only man in the Territory without a title!" —Estelle (D. T.) Bell.

THEORY.

The theoretic turtle started out to see the world, and came to a stop at a liberty-pole in the middle of the road.

"Now how, in the name of the sporting world," the indignant turtle cried, "can I climb this perpendicular cliff, and get on the other side?"

"If I only could make a big balloon, I'd lightly over it." Or a very long ladder might reach the top, though it does look fearfully high.

"If a beaver were in my place, he'd gnaw a passage through with his teeth. I can't do that, but I can dig a tunnel and pass beneath."

He was digging his tunnel, with might and main, when a dog looked down at the hole.

"The easiest way, my friend," said he, "is to walk around the pole."

—A. H. Wells, in St. Nicholas.

A BOY HERO.

What Tommy Brown Did to Protect His Little Brother.

He was only six years old, little Tommy Brown. His father was a pioneer on in Oregon. (Look on the map, as always, and find Oregon, if you don't know where it is.) Pioneers have discomforts and privations that the people in older settlements do not dream of. They are often twenty miles away from any store. If anything has happened that they have not laid in a supply of meat, flour and meal, and these things give out at home, it becomes a very serious business. If the roads are snowed out, and the roads are so deep as to make them impassable, there is a chance that the pioneer's family may go hungry; they may even starve. Provisions had given out in the family of Mr. Brown. There had been a deep snow, and the roads were very bad indeed; but food must be had, or his babies would have nothing to eat. So the father started with his wagon to the store, twenty miles away. He was a long time getting there, for the road was so heavy with snow, and he had to wade through it.

Mr. Brown loaded his wagon, and started back; but a tremendous fall of snow came and blinded him and blocked his way. The storm continued several days. The father was staggered on as best he could, but it grew colder and colder. He began to be chilled through. Nobody knew what finally happened to him in those awful hours, or what he thought about. For he never came home. When the storm cleared away, and people went to look for him, they found him frozen stiff and dead in the road. His wife was dead, and his children had been left at home alone to wait till he came back with the provisions. It had not been so very cold when he left home, and nobody thought any thing would happen. There were two children, Tommy and a younger brother, only four years old. Tommy would have hardly dared to leave them, except that he had a beautiful and faithful shepherd dog. This noble animal was used to taking care of the children just as if they had been two lambs. His name was "Shep." He watched and guarded them at play during the hours when their father was obliged to leave them alone.

The little creature and the faithful dog waited all day for Mr. Brown to come back. They went to bed, and to sleep, and still the father was not there next morning. They began to get hungry as the day wore on; but another night passed, and the next morning they were prouder and hungrier. They thought they would go out and try to find papa. They were not very warmly dressed, but out they went. They wandered into the woods. Shep after them. It was Sunday morning when they left their cubby-hole, and walked, and walked, and walked, but no papa came. Shep huddled as close to them as he could. There were wild animals in the woods that would have attacked and devoured the helpless babies, only for Shep. He was as brave as a lion and faithful as a father. Worn out at last when darkness came, they huddled down against Shep's warm coat and lay there. It is the greatest wonder they did not die with the cold; but they did not. Toward morning it became warmer and began to rain. How the poor things suffered when morning came! They had no hope and no refuge but Shep. They hugged him, and cried together. They called till their voices were hoarse, but nobody came. At last, the younger brother said:

"Tommy, O Tommy, I'm freezing to death! Then what do you think this brave, tender brother did? He took his own coat off, and he wrapped it around the younger child. The rain poured in torrents, and Tommy had nothing to wear but a pair of drawers and a shirt; but he bore it all, and pulled the coat close about his baby brother. There is not the least doubt the little fellow would have frozen to death but for this. So at last the neighbors found them out at noon Monday, and huddled down close together—Tommy, the small brother, and Shep. A few hours more, and both the children would have been dead. But how much the kind-hearted people made over them, when they discovered the truth. It was hardly any thing good enough for those two whom the storm had left fatherless. They will find plenty of friends now. But Tommy Brown is the bravest, noblest little lad I have heard of. Why a boy of his age is so bravely fatal as the more dreaded Asiatic type of that disease. —Boston Medical Journal.

HE WAS LONESOME.

Mad Flight of the Only Man in Dakota Without a Title.

"Gimme a ticket! Gimme a ticket!" shouted a wild-looking man, rushing into the railroad depot in a leading Dakota town.

"Where to, please?" asked the polite ticket agent.

"I don't care, anywhere, anywhere to get out of the territory! Gimme one somewhere quicker'n lightning!"

"How would one to Chicago?"

"Too late—don't want one!" and he tore madly out of the door and knocked over a baby carriage in the candy store. The man was not of candy taste it after the first few days.

Stuck candy is made by boiling down, with water, letter A sugar. Cream of tartar is added to prevent crystallization. When it has reached the proper consistency it is kneaded like bread on a marble table, when the flavoring and the coloring matter are added. It is then "pulled," as you have frequently seen molasses can when passing a confectioner's window. After it has been thoroughly worked and drawn into long sticks of the proper thickness, it is cut off by large shears into the length of the penny sticks which you buy.

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

Mr. Bowker in